

## **“THE CURSE HAS STRUCK OUT”**

by: Ed Markey (with Apologies to Ernest L. Thayer)

The outlook wasn't guaranteed for the Red Sox nine this year,  
Since 1918 the boys had left us crying in our beer.  
And when they lost twice in New York, and lost at home again  
A pall-like silence fell upon the loyal Red Sox fans.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair.  
“Wait ‘til next year” they said. Resignation filled the air.  
The rest clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.  
“It ain't over ‘til its over” they muttered half in jest.  
They thought, “if only our boys could put some bat on that ball,  
We'd put Bambino's Curse to rest, once and for all!”

And then Ortiz let fly a homer, to the wonderment of all.  
And Johnny Damon, bases loaded, tore the cover off the ball.  
And when the dust had lifted, On that memorable night  
We had come back from three games down, The Curse was in our sights.

Then from all of Red Sox Nation's throats there rose a wild call,  
It echoed on the Common, it shook the Fanueil Hall.  
It pounded on the River Charles, and splashed upon the Bay  
The Yankees were all through, kaput. A World Series we would play!

And they rolled out to St. Louis, jewel of the Midwest  
The Cards had won their league with ease, but now they faced a test.  
Were they ready for the Boston Boys? The town was dressed in red.  
The fans could not be nicer, the team was so well led.

But the Red Sox took the first three games, competing nobly one and all,  
They overcame their errors, they answered every call.  
And as Game Four proceeded, and a Series win now loomed  
All New England shivered with the thought we might be doomed

What *deus ex machina* would fall down from the sky?  
What Bucky-Dent-Bill-Buckner ghost might steer things all awry?  
Keith Foulke climbed up upon the mound, ball burning in his hand  
The Curse stepped up to face him, to make a final stand.

There was ease in the Curse's manner as he stepped into his place  
There was pride in Bambino's bearing, a smile on the Curse's face.  
And when, responding to his fans, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt t'was the Curse at the bat.

A nation's eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt  
60 thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.  
Then, while Foulke rubbed the ball into his shifty hip,  
Defiance flashed in the Curse's eye, a sneer curled on his lip

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
And the Curse stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.  
Close by the portly batsman the ball unheeded sped—  
“I just can't hit that,” said the Curse...“Strike One!” the umpire said.

From the canyons of Manhattan, there rose a muffled roar  
New York fans were screaming. Would the Curse really be “No More?”  
“Kill him, Kill the umpire” they shouted in Yankee land.  
The Curse looked smug. In eighty-six years the Curse had never fanned.

With a smile of overconfidence, the Curse's visage shone  
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on.  
He signaled the Red Sox closer, and once more the dun sphere flew,  
But the Curse couldn't hit it, and the umpire said “Strike Two.”

“It's over” thought the Cardinals fans, who are brought up so well.  
But the Curse gave a scornful look and an eerie silence fell.  
They saw his face frown stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they really thought the Curse wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer has fled from the Curse's lip, the teeth are clenched in hate  
He pounds, with cruel violence, his bat upon the plate.  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go  
And now the air is shattered by the force of the Curse's blow

Oh all across this favored land the sun is shining bright  
The band is playing happily and our hearts are oh so light  
And Red Sox Nation smiles and laughs, and little children shout  
and there is pure joy in Beantown -- The Curse has struck out.